DORA VERSUS ROSE. "The case is proceeding."

From the tragic-est novels at Mudic's—
At least, on a practical plan—
To the tales of mere Hodges and Judys,
One love is enough for a man.
But no case that I ever yet met is
Like mine: I am equally found Like mine: I am equally fond Of Rose, who a charmin: branette is

at the same time as the major; while, to do them justice, no thought of hitle Rose or her possible attractions had entered into their calculations. She was but a chief yet to them; and they did not think of her marrying any more, than if she had been but ten years old instead of eighteen. They had known well and liked heartily old Darcy Crewkherne, and they had liked Julius too, when a boy; and they wished to be neighborly and to carry on traditions;—that was ail. And as Julius was anxious to make new and reestablish old telations, he had gone to Martin's Tor willingly; and when he had seen little Rose he had remained more willingly. It was a case of love at first sight; and the major was a man of a clear mind and determined will. But newher Rose horself nor the Rawdons saw what was patent enough to is also. Rawdons saw what was patent enough everyone else; and to none more than to Beile

There could not be a more striking contrast hetween two girls than there was between Belle Loder and Kose Kenealy; and the contrast was not only on the outside. Belle was a tall, largely made, sleepy-looking girl with a dead white skin, a profision of straight and silky white skin, a promision of straight and shay flaxen hair, and heavy-hidded eyes of light hazel, with singularly large pupils. But you did not often see her eyes, for she had a trick of keeping them half-closed; and only when she wished to produce an effect, did she open them fully—when the effect produced was generally striking appared. Ease on the contrary them fully—when the effect produced was generally striking enough. Rose, on the contrary, was a small, slight, vivacious little girl, with a curly head of brightest brown, rose-red checks, and large dark eyes that changed with the light, being sometimes blue and sometimes gray, tender or merry as the humor took her, but here had been light. They was had been light. but always bright and frank. They were true Irish eyes, inherited from her father; and were as elequent as other people's words. And the first sight of them bewitched Julius Crewk-

That was the very phrase they had used in That was the very phrase they had used in the kitchen, when discussing the besting of the major towards the two young ladies. Miss Beile, she was the one as ought to be, but Miss Rose, she had bewitched laim. And the word was not used without meaning; for the Devenshire folk believe in witches to this day; Devenshire folk believe in witches to this day; witches both white and black; witches who cast a spell and witches who take it off again; witches who do harm and they who do good. Wherein was the sting of Mary Bernal's words; which have Dalby had maleral and early energy.

witches who do harm and they who do good.
Wherein was the sting of Mary Bernal's words;
Wherein was the sting of Mary Bernal's words;
Wherein was the sting of Mary Bernal's words;
Which Jane Dalby had understood well enough
for Aunt Hagley down at Combe Andrew was a
white witch of power, and renowned as such
through all the country side.

Long before the dinner-bell rang and the rest
to the guests had assombled. Major Julus
of the guests had assombled. Major Julus
Crewkherne lounged into the drawing-room;
and almost unmediately after came Rose
Keneny. She was one of the girls who give
that she dared to live where others dared
hardly to pass. But her very living there had
added to the general terrors of the phace.

People wondered when they saw Mary selting her tace towards the chill path; but Mary
shared some of her anot's courage. She 'tavored' her in appearance, and it was not thought
unlikely by more than one that she might
follow in her steps and take up the trade when
follow in her steps and take up the trade when
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follow in her steps and take up the trade when
follow in her steps and take up the trade when
follow in her steps and take up the trade of any white witch of power, and rehowned as such through all the country side.

Long before the dinner-bell rang and the rest of the guests had assorbled, Major Julius Crewkherne lounged into the drawing-room; to the effect they may produce; in consequence of which she was always first, and had sometimes tound herself de trop. Belle, who studied every knot and circumstance of her attire and who believed in effect of the string and who believed in effect, never came in until the last; by which she lost chances it she gamed in

last; by which she last chances if she gained in momentary attention.

As Rose came in, fresh and simple as usual, her dark-brown curly hair caught back by a broad blue ribbon and her white dress looped here and there with blue;—her small waist trimly belted yet leaving her free and elastic—the major thought her just the loveliest little rosebud of a girl possible to be seen; and with a nature as sweet and pure as her face. That frank look of hers, neither bashful nor yet bold, just natural and unembarrassed, with

The state of the s

out, in a low and level voice:

'Yes, just so; but, you see, at eighteen it is rather late to consider a girl as a child; and Major Crewkherne is a good match where there

Which last observation affronted Mrs. Raw-don and destroyed all her sympathy for Miss Loder's disappointment.

If riches give social influence, knowledge gives

If riches give social influence, knowledge gives moral power; and not Mr. Darcy Crewkherne himseif, when he was alive—and he had been the king of these parts, so to speak,—had the hold on the people that Dame Hagley had, Mary Bernal's aunt. To the outer eye she was just a tall, dark-browed, powerful, and still handsome woman of about sixty living in a solitant some fiernal's aunt. To the outer eye see was just a tall, dark-browed, powerful, and still handsome woman of about sixty, living in a solitary mud hovel set in the heart of a wild and desolate combe or valley, where nothing grew on the bull-sides save goise and bracken and heather; and where even sheep could find no pessurage. But to the eye of faith sile was greater than the greatest, holding the power of the viewless ones of the air in her hand, and with this power the keys of hie and death. Yet if spirits througed to do her bidding, they were spirits of less malevolence, if of greater power, then those which obey the black witch. It was the black witch who bunned, and Dame flagley who removed the ban at the grievous cost and suffering of the former. And it was well known that not the wickedest old witch of them all but trembled before her; and had cause to repent her evil deeds it Dame Hagley took her in hand.

'That cursed little pieca has be witched the major, and my aunt shall know the rights of it.'

major, and my aunt shall know the rights of it, said Mary Bernal to herself, when she heard the news in the town; it was Miss Belle herself who told her. 'Fil go over to Combe Andrew tomorrow.

It was a hot and flery sunset when Mary, getvery hovel where Dame Hagley hved; then a child had been found east like a dead sheep in a deserted quarry; and a man had committed

never marry; and no one had yet heard of any man who had wanted to marry her. Still, for all man who had wanted to marry her. Still, for all that, it was a bold thing for a woman of thirty to go along that lonely cliff in the evening, with the sun setting so flery red, and the black lone-liness, the haunted depths of Combe Andrew to follow. But Mary had become interested in this matter of the major and Miss Belle, and it was not a little that would have turned her back from setting things as she thought to rights.

From setting things as she thought to rights.

Over the chiff, and along the steep half-path. down among the broken rocks and treacherous shingle, the girl took her way; startling the choughs and the night-jars from their resting-places, while bats darted about her head and

something of the child's unconsciousness of solf hanging about the woman's tenderer air, was enough for him. There needed no trace index to a fairer poem; and he accepted what he saw, and did not care to look farther. Rose blushed to the very roots of her hair when she saw who was standing there in the tay window alone; but she looked only prettier for blushing; and as she did not attempt to run away, the major liked her all the better for blushing; and as she did not attempt to run away, the major liked her all the better for blushing is most dark by new; but Mary knew the way, and skirted its dangers dexterously. She was quite free and undanated and did not even start when once a straying sheep came full but against her, and once she mearly fell over the dead curcass of another. Presently she came down the hill and then along the natrow winding way that led to the hovel.

Her anneaded no trace into the same and to had made up his aimd to prefit by the first that offeced.

got the power!
'I can't ask for money, aunt, for what I do for right's sake,' said Mary sulleniy.
Her aunt had been all this time putting some

powder into a paczet.

'All right, my girl; then you'll not have the spell, and Miss Rose will have the major.' She put back or the shelf the small locked box from which she had taken the powder.

As usual, that stronger will had its way and the weaker yielded. After a little faint resistance, it ended by Mary putting on her bonnet meals, after carefully placing in her purse a

the weaker yielded. Are a fine and ance, it ended by Mary putting on her bonnet again, after carefully placing in her purse a small packet of white powder which Miss Belle was to put into Miss Rose's coffree—nothing but coffee would do, said Aunt Hagley—when Miss Rose would sufter as she ought; perhaps fly up the chinney as a bat, or they would see the devil run out of her mouth as an eft or a toad, or something such like would happen to her, and the major would be restored to his senses. And then, being in a good humor—for Mary had promised to ask for bandsome gains, and to give her half—Aunt Hagley, without putting on her bonnet, took the road with her niece, laughing a little grimly as she said: 'You see, my dear, I ain't no teasen to be afraid. I shan't meet much that's ugher than myseit.'

Would Miss Belle do it! That was now Mary's difficulty. 'You see, gentlefolks are not like us,' she argued to herselt. 'They won't believe and they say they know; but if's we as knows, not they. 'Would Miss Belle believe if I stood her out till Dosmaday, and toid her what we can be a suffer that had said! Note had to fit. But

tor dinner the day after her evening expedition to Combe Andrew.

'Very well, you silly girl, I will to satisfy you and show you how absurd you are in your superstitions. I will give Miss Kenealy the charm, as you call it, and you will see that nothing will come of it. There, give it to me. What is it?

Ah! Ithat the bards should sing.
And wail for the golden verrs;
Love was and is but an idle thing,
'Tis but a wind that veers.

And earth in her beauty and pride,
Eleft her lips to the wooding ann,
He said, "Thou art fair, oh, my bride,"
And she saug, "I am thine alone,"
The faithful sun at bur faithless feet
Rolled with a broken moan;
"Oh, snn!" he cried, "but thy bride is sweet.
And I am alone, alone!"

Ali! that the bards should sing.

And wait for the golden years; Love was and is but an idle thing. 'Tis but a wind that veers. Oft would the sun depart,

Oft would the san depart,
And his bride in her gloom made mean,
And his bride in her gloom made mean,
And the sea would cry that her loving heart
Should be left to one alone.
And his voice is strange and sad and sweet,
"Oh! love, not mine! not mine!
I am contant to lie at thy feet.
And to love thee in storm and shine." And that the bards should sing,
And wall for the golden years;
Love was and is but an idle thing,
'Tis but a wind that yeers.
F. E. WEATHERLY.

PORSTER, SECRETARY FOR IRELAND.

DECEMBER 12, 1890.—TRIPLE SHEET.

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On Friday was laid to rest, in the cometery of Graz, a shining light in the world of medicine. But a few weeks have passed since mother earth took back to her beson Professor Skoda, one of the piliars of the new Vienna Medical School; and now she has claimed another great ornament of the faculty. Professor Duareicher, the founder of a school of surgery which for many years will bear his mane, has died in harness. The other great wielder of the healing knife in Alma Mater Rudolphina has the Vienna University is called) is Professor Billroth, still in the enjoyment of perfect health. Every surgical "alumnus" who has risen to fame hath from one of these two schools, whose chief difference consists in the after treatment of wonness. Signs that his nervous constitution was

to fame hath from one of these two schools, whose chief difference consists in the after treatment of womas. Signs that his nervous constitution was scriously beginning to smiler under the stress of work, had not ween wanting for some time past, and even twenty years back did Skoda diagnose a "Vitum cordis" in his colleague. But the temptation to go on working when once a high relation had been won, proved irresistably powerful, and now we hear that the hard worked Asculapien has succumbed to nervous affection connected with the old heart adment which for so many years warned him not to over-exert himself.

It was but a few weeks ago that Professor Dumreicher, giving way to the entreaties of his family and friends, consented to pass a short season of "villegiature" on his estate in Dalmatta. But he must have felt even then that it would soon be all over with him, for he insisted on being a companied to the distant coast lands by his whole family. His forebodings have proved but too well founded for last week the great surgeon breathed his last, surrounded by those dear to him. A year ago a patient called on the Professor and received the following opinion: "My dear Herr H—," said Dumreicher, "you and I have the same complaint. We are booked. It is but a matter of time with us; and, as you insist on knowing the truth, not a very long time either." Herr H—— died on the same day as Dumreicher!

A four-year-old Irish child, saying her prayers at her mother's gave, having concluded, as usual, with "God bloss peps and mamma, grandpapas and grandmammas, nucles and annis," etc., gave a great sigh, and said: "O mammy dear, I do wish these people would eray for themselves, for I am so thed of praying for them."